

The AUCTION BLOCK

REX BEACH

CHAPTER V.

No matter how chaotic the general household situation, Lorelei was always assured of her home, a daily breakfast upon rising, and a substantial meal before theater time. Her mother saw to it that this program was religiously adhered to. Irrespective of her careless disregard of social appointments, she was never permitted to miss one with the hairdresser.



"What Do You Mean by That?" He Cried.

The matrons, the masseuses, or the dozen and one other beauty specialists who form an important adjunct to the stage woman's career as to that of the woman of fashion. All this was a vital part of that plan to which the mother had devoted herself. No care-horse on the eve of a Derby was groomed more carefully than this budding woman. In preparing her for masculine conquest the entire family took a hand. Her prospects, her actions, her triumphs, were the main topic of conversation; all other interests were subordinated to the matrimonial quest upon which she had embarked, and the three conspirators lived in a constant state of eager expectation over Lorelei's fortunes.

Mother and daughter were following over a sizzling breakfast, and Lorelei, according to custom, was recounting the incidents of the previous evening.

"It was the quarrel with Mr. Wharton," Mrs. Knight commented, when she heard the full story of Jim's puny. "He'll dislike you now."

The girl shrugged disdainfully. "He was drunk and fresh. I can't bear a man in such a condition."

"You shouldn't antagonize a man like him, my dear. He's single, at least, and naturally he's impulsive, like all these young millionaires."

"But he's an alcoholic. He's no good," Mr. Morley said.

Jim, who was immersed in the morning paper, spoke from his chair near the window.

"Why don't you go after Merkle him self? Easy picking, those bank-ers."

Jim also had come home in the still hours of the night before and was now retelling, comparatively to his daily battle with the world, just how the struggle went on where it was waged the others knew not at all.

The mother shook her head. "Those old men are all alike," Mr. Hammond will never marry Lorelei."

"Is that so?" James abandoned his reading. "The older they are, the sicker they get. Take it from me, on the word of a volunteer fireman, Lorelei will catch on him quicker than you think I know."

"How do you know?" Inquired his sister.

"Maxie I got the degenerate dope," mocked the brother. "Maybe Max Melcher told me. Anyhow, you could land Merkle just as easy if you'd declare Max in."

"Now, Jim," protested Mrs. Knight, "I won't let you put such ideas into her head. You and that gang of yours are full of tricks, but Lorelei's decent, and she's going to stay decent. You'd get everybody in jail or in the newspapers."

"Has Maxie ever been in jail? Has Tony Barber? No, you bet they haven't, and they never will be. This jail talk is funny. Just wait and see

USE POSTUM
instead of coffee
and
FEEL BETTER

how easy Lorelei gets here. Of course, if Lorelei could marry Wharton, that would be different, but he's no sucker."

"How is Lorelei going to get her?" insisted Lorelei.

"Wait and see," James returned to his paper.

"She'll never marry him. She hates him."

Jim laughed, and his sister broke out fitfully:

"Why be so mysterious? Anybody would think you'd robbed a bank."

Jim looked up again, and this time with a scowl. "Well, every time I come through with a suggestion, Maxie crabs it. What's the use of talking to a pair of haymakers like you, anyhow?"

"I could grab a lot of coin for you if you'd let me. Why, Maxie has been after me a dozen times about you, but I knew you wouldn't stand for it."

"Blackmail, eh?"

Jim was highly disgusted. "What's the difference how you pronounce it? It spells k-a-i-e, and it takes a good-looking girl to pull off a deal in this town. All right—play for Bob Wharton. I'd like to meet him, though; he can do me a lot of good."

"How?"

"Well, he dropped eight-four hundred in Hebling's Sixth Avenue joint the other night. Maxie owns a place on Forty-sixth street where the sky is the limit."

His sister was staring at him curiously. She had noted misgivings concerning his activities of late, but Jim had never satisfied her inquiries. Now she asked, "What is your share?"

"The young man laughed a little uncomfortably. "Forty per cent. That's usual. If he's going to gamble somewhere I might as well be in on it."

The girl's next words, however, left no doubt as to her feelings.

"You're a fine specimen, aren't you?" Her lip curled; mother and son started at the bitterness of the tone. "Light! What a mess you've made of things. Two years ago we were decent, and now—"

Lorelei's voice broke; her eyes flamed over with tears. "I'd give anything in the world if we were all back in Vale. It took only two years of the city to ruin us."

"But, better try Vale again. You'll end in a straightjacket if you do. You think you could go back but you couldn't—nobody can after they've had a taste of the city."

"It's all wrong. The whole thing is rotten. Sometimes I hate myself," Lorelei choked.

Mrs. Knight spoke reprovingly. "Don't be silly, dear. You know we did it all for you. But we're not complaining." Mrs. Knight put added feeling into her words. "We don't want you to live the way we've had to live; we want you to be rich and to have things. After all, we've done after all poor Peter has suffered."

"Don't!" cried the girl, falteringly. "I think of him every hour."

"I don't see the sort that complains. I consider it very thoughtless of you to behave as you do and make it harder for us," Mrs. Knight sniffed and wiped her eyes, whereupon Lorelei went to her and hid her face upon her mother's shoulder.

"I don't want to be unkind," she murmured, "but sometimes I'm sick with disgust, and then again I'm frightened. All the men I meet are beasts. That whole party was sordid and mean—old men drinking with girls and paying them over. Mr. Merkle was the only nice one there." The mother was dismayed to feel her daughter shiver.

"Good Lord! You people make me sick," cried Jim, rising and making for his room. "Anybody'd think you'd been insulted."

When he had gone Mrs. Knight asked, acutely:

"Lorelei, are you in love?"

"No, why?"

"You've said some queer things lately. You've worried me. I hope you'll never be tempted to do anything so—to be foolish. I don't intend to let you make a mess of things by marrying some chorus man. When the right person comes along you'll accept him, then you'll never have to worry again. But you mustn't expect it."

"Do you think I'd be happy with a man like Mr. Wharton?"

"Why not? You'd at least be rich, and if rich people can't be happy, who can? If you accepted some poor boy he'd probably turn out to be a drunk-

HAIR ON FACE DISAPPEARS QUICKLY

This method for removing superfluous hair is totally different from pastes and rub-in preparations, which merely remove hair from the surface of the skin, just like a razor.

The only common-sense way to remove hair is to attack it under the skin. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, operates on this principle. It slowly contains certain ingredients which give it the power to rob hair of its vitality. It does this by absorption.

DeMiracle works equally well for removing hair from face, neck, arms, under arms or legs, and prevents it from showing through stockings.

Insist on the genuine DeMiracle. It is the only depilatory that has a money-back guarantee in each package. In 60c, \$1 and \$2 bottles at all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

FREE booklet mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. Write for it today and read it before you make another application of any depilatory. DeMiracle Chemical Co., Dept. D, Park Ave. and 122nd St., New York.

and and a loafer, just like Wharton is now." She sighed. "I'd like to see



"What Are You Two Planning?" Inquired Lorelei.

you settled; we could take Peter to a specialist, and maybe he could be cured. We could go abroad and get the help of those German surgeons. I've always wanted to travel."

When Lorelei reached the theater that evening she found Lila Lynn entertaining a caller who had been more than once in her thoughts during the day. Miss Lynn's visitor was a well-tailored man who gave a first impression of extreme physical neatness. He was immaculate in attire, his skin was fine, his color fresh; a pair of small, imperturbable eyes were set in a smiling face beneath a prematurely gray hair. Max Melcher was a figure on Broadway; he had the entire to all the stage doors; he frequented the popular cafes, where he surrounded himself with men. Always affable, usually at leisure, invariably obliging, he had many friends.

At Lorelei's entrance he smiled and nodded without rising, then continued his earnest conversation with Miss Lynn. None of their words were audible to the last comer until Melcher rose to leave; then Lila halted him with a nervous laugh, saying:

"Remember, if it doesn't go, it's a joke, and I run to cover."

"It will go," he told her, quietly, as he strolled out.

"What are you two planning?" inquired Lorelei.

"Nothing," Max drew in regularly; he used to be sweet on me," Lila completed her make-up, then sighed nervously. "Gee!" she presently exclaimed, "I'm tired of this business."

"You're a fine specimen, aren't you?" Her lip curled; mother and son started at the bitterness of the tone. "Light! What a mess you've made of things. Two years ago we were decent, and now—"

Lorelei's voice broke; her eyes flamed over with tears. "I'd give anything in the world if we were all back in Vale. It took only two years of the city to ruin us."

"But, better try Vale again. You'll end in a straightjacket if you do. You think you could go back but you couldn't—nobody can after they've had a taste of the city."

"It's all wrong. The whole thing is rotten. Sometimes I hate myself," Lorelei choked.

Mrs. Knight spoke reprovingly. "Don't be silly, dear. You know we did it all for you. But we're not complaining." Mrs. Knight put added feeling into her words. "We don't want you to live the way we've had to live; we want you to be rich and to have things. After all, we've done after all poor Peter has suffered."

"Don't!" cried the girl, falteringly. "I think of him every hour."

"I don't see the sort that complains. I consider it very thoughtless of you to behave as you do and make it harder for us," Mrs. Knight sniffed and wiped her eyes, whereupon Lorelei went to her and hid her face upon her mother's shoulder.

"I don't want to be unkind," she murmured, "but sometimes I'm sick with disgust, and then again I'm frightened. All the men I meet are beasts. That whole party was sordid and mean—old men drinking with girls and paying them over. Mr. Merkle was the only nice one there." The mother was dismayed to feel her daughter shiver.

"Good Lord! You people make me sick," cried Jim, rising and making for his room. "Anybody'd think you'd been insulted."

When he had gone Mrs. Knight asked, acutely:

"Lorelei, are you in love?"

"No, why?"

"You've said some queer things lately. You've worried me. I hope you'll never be tempted to do anything so—to be foolish. I don't intend to let you make a mess of things by marrying some chorus man. When the right person comes along you'll accept him, then you'll never have to worry again. But you mustn't expect it."

"Do you think I'd be happy with a man like Mr. Wharton?"

"Why not? You'd at least be rich, and if rich people can't be happy, who can? If you accepted some poor boy he'd probably turn out to be a drunk-

SEND Yucatan
to the stout-hearted soldier boys at the front. It doesn't cost you much and it means a lot to them.

CHEW YUCATAN GUM

American Chicle Company

Illinois! Take Your Vacation in Colorado

To Get There Doesn't Take As Long, Nor Cost As Much As You Think

Besides—on the way you can see a great, big part of the great, big country our boys are going to fight for.

Then, when you get to Colorado, the "roof garden of America," your very blood will dance to a new thrilling tune of vigor and health. No where else can you find so wide a variety of recreation.

Go to Colorado for your vacation—via Rock Island Lines and the famous

Rocky Mountain Limited
—Daily to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—

or on one of the other convenient, modern, all-steel trains.

The only direct line from the east to both Denver and Colorado Springs.

Let us advise you where to go and how to get there.

Rock Island Lines
Safety and Service First

Sunset Special to Muscatine on Steamer Sidney

SIDNEY

Sunday, August 12

Leaves Davenport . . . 2:30 p. m. Arrives Muscatine . . . 5:30 p. m.

Leaves Rock Island . . . 3:00 p. m. Arrives Muscatine . . . 7:00 p. m.

Arrives Home 10:30 p. m.

Fare 50c

For further information call Davenport 6595 or Rock Island 326 Sidney's Organophone Orchestra. Make this Trip and get the Cool Breezes on the River.

We're fools to stay in it. Think of Atlantic City on a night like this, or the mountains. This heat has completely unstrung me." She rummaged through the confusion on her table, then inquired of the dresser, "Croft, where are my white gloves?"

"They haven't come back from the cleaner's," Mrs. Croft answered.

"Not back? Then you didn't send them when I told you. You're getting altogether shiftless, Croft. When I tell you to do a thing I want it done."

"I hope I drop dead if—"

"I hope you do," snapped the indignant girl. "I told you to attend to them; now I've nothing but soiled ones."

The dresser began to weep silently. She was a small, timid old woman, upon whose manifest need of employment Lorelei had taken pity some time before. Her forgetfulness had long been a trial to both her employers.

"That's right," turn on the flood-gates," mocked Lila. "You stop that sniveling or I'll give you something to cry for. I'm nervous enough tonight without having you in hysterics. Remember, if it ever happens again you'll go—and you'll take something with you to think about." Seizing the cleanest pair of gloves at hand, she flung out of the room in a fine fury.

"You won't let her—fire me? I need work, I do," quavered Mrs. Croft.

"Now, now. Don't mind her temper. You know Lila is excitable."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

Lorelei swung around from her mirror. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I heard her and that Jew—that Maxie Melcher. They've got a photographer and witnesses. Your brother is one of 'em."

"Jim? What?"

"It's true. It's a bad crowd. Mister Jim's in with. And there's something big in the air. Millions it is. And her saying she'll box my ears. The busy! I've heard 'em talking before tonight."

"Tell me everything, Croft—quickly."

"I have. Only you better warn your brother."

The assistant stage manager thrust his head through the curtains, shouting: "Your cue, Miss Knight. What the devil—"

With a gasp, Lorelei leaped to her feet and fled from the room.

(Continued Next Saturday)

All the news all the time—The Argus.

ROBINSON SETTLES COOKING PROBLEMS

Moline and Rock Island women who are worried over the servant problem and the plans of cooking are advised to visit the canvas kitchen of the John Robinson circus when the show comes to Moline for exhibition Monday, Aug. 13. The circus employs Japanese chefs and all the cooking is done by gas, which is generated on the grounds.

"For years we had trouble with the cooking arrangements of the show, and last season I decided to try gas," said John Robinson, the circus owner. "We had been using wood and coal and usually our fuel was of inferior quality. We were generating gas in a specially built machine for lights in the tents and one day my wife suggested that we try the generators in the kitchens. We attached one to a big griddle and made several bushel baskets of hot cakes in a very short time."

"Next day I ordered more of the generators and we have since done all our cooking with gas. This gas is

generated from gasoline and air and gives the best of satisfaction. Our show is the only traveling organization in the country using gas for cooking purposes. The chef question was settled by engaging Japanese. These little fellows are clean and neat and quick. They work splendidly and get results."

Be Careful
—to keep the stomach well, the liver and bowels regular, by the timely and helpful aid of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Farmers and Breeders of Rock Island County

ATTENTION!

We take pleasure in announcing that after receiving the hearty endorsement and cooperation of business men and prominent farmers in the county we have started work with a force of capable and reliable men who are gathering data for our Farmers' and Breeders' Directory of Rock Island County.